

Poetry.

A MOTHER'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.
O! how sweet, dear and sweet,
My dear, wood fire beside—
My baby creeping at my feet,
Who oft with glance of pride,
Looks back, elate, and pleased to show
How fast his tiny limbs can go.
And closely seated by my side,
My little daughter fair—
Whose doll upon her knee doth ride,
Essays a matron's care—
While many a lesson, half severe,
With kisses mixed, must daily bear.
There lie my volumes, closed and still—
Those chosen friends of old—
My pen, regardless of my will,
Lurks in the tattered hold—
High joys they gave—but not so dear,
As those that gild my bedside here.
Where hark and viol carol sweet,
And youth's unending hours,
And gladness wings the dancers' feet,
That seem to tread on flowers,
I've shared the cup—it sparkled clear—
'Twas foam—the precious draught is here.
I've trod the lofty halls—where dwell
The noblest of our land,
And met, though humble was my cell,
Warm smile, and greeting hand,
Yet she doth feel a thrill more blest,
Who tucks her infant on her breast.
Strong words of praise, such words as gild
To high ambition's deed,
The impulse of my mind have stirred,
Though still unwarmed, their need,
But what of these—they fleet away,
Like mist, before affection's ray.
Though many a priceless gem of bliss,
Hath made my pathway fair,
Yet I have known no joy like this,
A mother's nursing care,
To mark, when stars of midnight shine,
My infant's bright eye fixed on mine.
Might woman win earth's richest rose,
Yet miss that wild-flower zest,
Which by the lowliest cradle grows,
'Twere but a loss at best—
Pass on, O world, in all thy pride,
I've made my choice—and here abide.
Even she, who shines with beauty's ray,
By fashion's throng career,
If from that pomp she turn away,
And build her sheltered nest—
And hoard the jewels of the heart,
Like Mary, finds the "better part."
Hartford, March, 1839.

Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

DAVID C. PAGE.

Died, in Sandwich, N. H., Aug. 25, 1739, brother David C. Page, in the 68th year of his age. Brother Page embraced the Soc. out, and united with the M. E. Church, about thirty years ago, of which he remained a faithful and very useful member until his death.

During his severe illness of about four weeks, he manifested entire confidence in the blessed promises of the Saviour, a patient submission to the will of our heavenly Father, and always gave a satisfactory answer, when interrogated by the writer of this, in relation to his spiritual enjoyment, and glorious prospect in view of his approaching dissolution. The circumstances of our much lamented brother, were rendered the more peculiarly afflictive from the fact that four of his family, namely, his wife and daughter, his son and son's wife, were, at the time of his sickness and death, all prostrate with disease, and quite helpless, so that none of his family were present when he died.

Never can we forget the painful scene when about thirty hours before his decease, his suffering companion, at her own earnest request, was taken by some friends and carried into his room, to take a last look at her emaciated and dying, yet affectionately anxious husband.

The tears, the overwhelming grief, the trembling hands, the quivering lips, the languid eyes, the words of kindness and the last adieu, all conspired to render the scene one not easily to be erased from the imagination.

In the death of Br. Page, the Church has lost one of her most useful and efficient stewards, who was always ready to do even more than could be reasonably required of him, whose house and hands were always open to shelter, comfort and support the weary minister of Christ.

The community has lost one of its most active and respectable members, to whom the people were accustomed to refer difficult matters; and apply for counsel, the poor a father, and the slave an undaunted and sincere friend and advocate, who was willing to open his mouth for the dumb. The dear, disconsolate widow, and six children, though left to mourn their irreparable loss, are greatly comforted by the reflection, that their loss is his infinite gain.

Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God!

Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

DAVID WILCOX.

Sandwich Centre, Sept. 23, 1839.
Zion's Watchman and the Morning Star are respectfully requested to copy the above.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MRS. LOIS BROOKINGS.

Died, in Newbury, Mass., July 21st, Mrs. Lois Brookings, wife of Joseph B. Brookings, aged 20 years. She experienced religion at the early age of 14, under the labors of Rev. Wm. R. Stone, but owing to intemperance, and being exposed to the fashionable follies of youth, she did not retain her confidence more than a year or two, but wandered from God, lost her enjoyment, and sought for happiness in the vanities and pleasures of earth. Often, however, did she have many misgivings of heart, for her intemperance and departures from God, and would frequently acknowledge the importance of retracing her steps, and serving the Lord fully. In this state she remained until about a year and a half previous to her death, when it pleased the Lord to lay his rod of affliction upon her, which brought her to the threshold of the grave. She was then left to reflect on her situation, her deviations from the path of duty, her immediate exposure to death, and her unfitness for heaven. In deep contrition, she threw herself at the foot of the cross, and earnestly entreated the favor of Him who has said, "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavily laden;" nor did she

plead in vain, for "mercy, with its balmy aid," flew to her rescue. The troubled waters ceased, and she was fitted with peace in believing, and joy in a crucified Redeemer.

During a protracted illness, she continued to enjoy communion with God, and faith in his Son Jesus. And this happy frame showed itself in the ardent desire she manifested for the salvation of others, earnestly entreating them to seek redemption through the blood of Christ. From that time she continued to evince a deeper interest for the cause of God, and the welfare of the Church, and as soon as her health would admit, united with the first Presbyterian Church in Newburyport.

She subsequently entered the marriage state, and doubtless promised herself much felicity, in the blooming perspective before her. But disease was again laid upon the frail system. The disease, which was pulmonary consumption, was slow in its progress, but sure in its termination. So flattering was its appearance, that about four weeks previous to her death, she was at the house, to attend the funeral obsequies of our dear sister, whose death was noticed in the Herald a few weeks since. Ah, little did she think she would so soon become a tenant with her in the tomb. But such is life!

From that time she failed rapidly. When informed by her friends she could not recover, she expressed a strong desire to live, if it was the will of our heavenly Father, for the sake of her dear friends. The ties of parental love and affection were strong. To leave a kind and affectionate husband, a tender babe, not then two weeks old, was a great trial. The struggle was severe, but she sought strength from Him who has said, "My grace shall be sufficient," and prevailed. After consecrating her home to God, in baptised her husband, and her dear babe, she committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer.

The reflection that some of her friends were yet destitute of the renewing grace of God, deeply affected her heart. Even in seasons of aberrations of mind, she would earnestly entreat them to prepare to meet her in heaven. Of it was an hour of intense, untold interest, to those present, to hear her pathetic entreaties to them to prepare to meet God. O, may her dying admonitions be remembered. In her rational moments, she was peaceful, resigned and happy; and though her bodily distress was great, not a murmur escaped her, but with sweet composure and holy triumph, she waited the coming of her Lord. Often she would break out in ecstasy of soul, and repeat portions of the hymn commencing—
"How happy every child of grace."

At length the summons came. The mortal strife was quelled. A holy smile had left its trace upon her lip, as the spirit soared upward, from the darkness and clamps of death, to rest in the bosom of the Saviour forever.

"She sleeps in Jesus! Oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber sweet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venom'd sting."

She has left a numerous circle of relatives and friends to mourn her early departure. Oh, may this monitory call teach us to be in readiness for the coming of the Son of Man, that in Heaven we may greet the departed—
"Where no farewell tear is shed."

E. S. STAPLE.

Lynn, Sept., 1839.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

AN ECHO TO THE BLAST OF THE TRUMPET.

MR. EDITOR.—Accident has thrown in my way the Trumpet of September 14th, in which I perceive under four columns are devoted to the representation of the camp meeting at Eastham, particularly of myself, for the part I took in the exercises the last evening of the meeting.

Of the writers of these articles I know nothing, but I assure you I envy not the man who could delineate so accurately, and so judiciously, the conduct of our most respectable citizens who were present, as witnesses of the falsehood and misrepresentation of which they are made up. Indeed, there is not one circumstance which concerns me or my communications, which is not so altered and perverted as to make it altogether another thing from what it really was. The writer speaks of my "sermon" which he pretends to review, but in reality he makes up a statement of his own so entirely different from what I said, that there is scarcely a feature of resemblance between my remarks, and the language he attributes to me. The fact is, I did not preach at that meeting, but gave an exhortation after a sermon had been delivered, by a brother from Maine. The writer says, "You made one of the most bitter, virulent, and unchristian attacks upon Universalism and its defenders I ever heard." This statement is false, every word of it. I did not attack Universalism, nor Universalists, neither did I either condemn them, or their doctrine. But I did attack infidelity and stripped it of its disguise, and held up the monster to public view, not as Universalism, but as Infidelity. I explained also the crafty artifices by which its advocates contrived to covertly disseminate it under the pretext of advocating Universalism, and imposing it on the public as such, when it is directly destructive of the doctrine of Universalism, as it did my other form of Christianity. I stated distinctly, that I considered Universalism in the abstract, a comparatively harmless error—that I held real Universalists in fellowship as Christians, and expected to meet some of them in heaven; and through the whole of my remarks, I kept up a clear distinction between the distinctive features of Universalism, and that Infidelity I was combating.

How then, in the name of common sense, any man can dare to say that I attacked Universalism, I cannot imagine, unless the person had been so long under the influence of that infidelity in disguise, that he has mistaken it for what it is not, and calls that Universalism which is not real Universalism, so that whenever I attack it, its advocates falsely accuse me of attacking Universalism; and rail at me for misrepresenting that doctrine.

There are few, if any, who, like myself, disbelieve in the salvation of all men, who think or speak more favorably of what is the real theory of universal salvation than I do; and I am often blamed for expressing myself so favorably in relation to it. Yet, sir, few have manifested more decided hostility to that infidelity which is being taught and published under its name.

A belief in the final holiness and happiness of all men, whether it be expected to take place at death, at the resurrection, or after a limited state of future punishment, has ever been regarded as the test by which an individual was considered a Universalist; and this belief alone, independent of all other theories has led to their being claimed as such. It is on this claim that Messrs. Ballou and Whittemore have founded their ancient and modern history of Universalism; and the Rev. Dan Foster on the same principle has proved all the ancient heathen to have been Universalists, or to have believed in that doctrine.

For more than twenty years I have been combating infidelity in all its forms, and hundreds of thousands have had occasion to expose it under the cloak it has

stolen from the sanctuary, and as often have been slandered by its advocates under the pretext that I had attacked Universalism, and misrepresented their doctrine. It is a curious circumstance for Universalists to identify themselves with infidels, and their "Blessed Doctrine" with infidelity, so that when infidelity is assailed, they say, that the attack was made on Universalism, even when told in the most explicit terms, that it was infidelity, and not Universalism, and both Universalists and infidels were by name excepted. Nor is it less wonderful that the Trumpet under the editorial care of one of its most prominent ministers, should become the organ in which to send abroad this falsehood, and abuse me for what I have not done.

I will not controvert the authors of these articles; they show plainly a deliberate intention to misrepresent me, or that they lack a capacity to understand a plain statement, or both. But I hold myself bound to substantiate the position I have taken, viz. To show the fact, that certain individuals are carrying out the maxim of Voltaire, "Crush the vermin, (meaning Christ,) but conceal your mark," by covertly publishing and teaching infidelity under the name and pretext of Universalism. In doing this I will give their own language, with reference to the author and page from which it is taken; and the public will then see whose words will stand, mine or theirs. I will soon satisfy every candid reader, whether I have slandered the Universalists, or misrepresented their doctrine. Meanwhile, let them continue to bark at me, if it gives them any satisfaction; for I should feel sorry to rob them of so mean a pleasure; but let them not think that I shall turn from my object to chastise every cur till he hides in his kennel; but I shall pursue and expose infidelity wherever I find it, and shall regard myself as doing a good service, from the Editor of the Trumpet, down to his correspondents, if they dare to identify or defend it as Universalism. Let no one expect I shall stoop to notice their communications, if they are so stupid that they cannot distinguish Infidelity from Universalism.

S. HULL.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

BR. BROOKS.—Much as I regret the unhappy diversity of feeling which exists among us, and much as I desire to do nothing to increase that feeling, yet an imperious sense of duty urges me to take notice of a communication in the last Herald, purporting to be "a few facts which ought to be known" in regard to the affairs on Springfield District.

I am exceedingly sorry that Br. Livesey has felt himself called upon to make this communication, and especially that he should allow himself to make statements so utterly at variance with the facts in the case. I have no doubt, he means to relate the truth, and does relate what he conceives to be the truth; but I fear he has unfortunately suffered himself to be made the agent of error in the relation of what he has no certain means of knowing.

He says "the course taken by the Presiding Elder on this subject (the subject of conference reports) has been the only ground of objection made against him, either on the district, to the bishop, the conference, or the public." It is well known by every person who knows any thing about the remonstrances which were sent to the late New England Conference against his reappointment to that District, that the brethren grounded their remonstrance, not only on the course which the Presiding Elder had pursued in some of the Quarterly Meeting Conferences, but on his general unpopularity and unacceptability as a representative of the district; and the fact that he could not be useful as a Presiding Elder, such was the strong prejudice in the public mind against him. It is also known that at the time of his appointment to the district, those who were best acquainted with Br. Dorchester, were the most strongly opposed to him; and that he was not popular or acceptable as a Presiding Elder, not even with Br. Livesey himself, I have the means of knowing.

He also declares that his reappointment to the district was not "his own nomination." I cannot see, as to the fact of nomination, but I know and am prepared to prove, at any proper time and place, that he was not so nominated, but was appointed by the district, and virtually at his own request. At one time during the conference, I believe Br. Dorchester expected to leave the district; but when he found that he could not get the appointment he wished, he desired the person, to whom the bishop had spoken to take charge of the district, to back up with him, and he would take it himself. How much this looks like refusing, as far as his "solemn vows" would allow him to refuse to be sent back, I leave for others to judge. I suppose the facts of the case are the following. If the preachers then on the district were all to remain, he would not have been removed; but if some of the most repugnant to himself were removed, he would then have no objection to return, as he had no doubt endeavored to convince the bishop, that the opposition on this district, was not so much among the people as among the preachers.

Br. Livesey also says it is not true that he has been sent back against his own consent to the district, "unless those who signed the call for the convention constitute the district." Whether they constitute the district or not, the fact that between four and five hundred persons signed such a call, shows the strong objection which exists in the public mind against him, and that he had never seen any thing which he liked better. Though his health was not such as to prevent him from walking abroad, yet, amidst his sorrows and bitterness, he felt deep with the tract in his hand, about fifteen minutes after receiving it. An avowed warning to those who make a mock at God's message of mercy."

PLEASE TESTIMONY.—The "Army and Navy Chronicle" contains a letter from a correspondent dated "U. S. ship John Adams, Singapore, March 28, 1838," from which we make the following extract.—Boston Recorder.

During our stay at Singapore, we saw a great deal of the American missionaries and their ladies. To judge from what we saw of these gentlemen, I can confidently say they are intelligent, upright men, without a single thought apart from the grand object of their labors, and zealous of all good works. The wives of the missionaries are charming women, and it is with feelings of no small regret that we quit their agreeable society. Their enthusiasm in the cause in which they are embarked, is irresistible; and even the most skeptical could not look with indifference on the meek and gentle heroism with which they sustain innumerable privations and hardships. The love of women is a fearful thing, says the proverb; but how much more fearful is her perfect holiness, when the native modesty and grace of her character are illuminated by the fire of divine inspiration. They are so mild, so single-minded, so devoted to their work, so full of sweetness, charity, and all that is lovely, that apathy itself would be roused from its coldness at the sight of their labors, and warmed into something like life. The zeal of man is like the eruption of a volcano, sudden and fierce, but soon quenched. The zeal of women is a pure and steady flame, constantly fed by the oil of her deep affections, that burns and burns without abatement, and shines more and more unto the perfect day. The former will triumph over a sudden obstacle in fury and in wrath, the latter will attain the same end by perseverance and meekness; the former may be repressed; the latter is indomitable.

M.

QUACK MEDICINES.—Pill doctors will soon become the monied aristocracy of our land. There is hardly a vender of quack medicines, who does not find the sale of these articles the most profitable part of his business, whatever business he may carry on in connection with it; just at the sale of spirits by the glass used to be the most profitable branch of the grocer's business. It might be supposed that the vast competition between these caterers for the public health would prevent them from acquiring wealth; yet this is far from being the case. A man is sure of making his fortune in the course of ten

his paper a religious paper. That would take with lovers of grave and sober reading. But when appearances indicated differently, the tale on all kinds of diseases, was presented, as an index to the character of the paper. And it would be a wonder if the sober part of his readers did not utter complaints; in which case, it would be very natural for him to make some kind of effort to quiet them, and make them satisfied. Hence the admonition against novel reading on the inside.

What different from this should we expect of a man whose paramount object is to retain his subscribers? One class of his patrons has been promised the story of murder and of love, and another class has been promised religion. The one class would be equally dissatisfied, and stop their papers, if the editor did not convince them of his hostility to novel reading. The unavoidable inference from these premises, however, respecting the religious principles and character of this editor, I leave for others to draw. He who runs may read.

P. CRANDALL.

The rebuke administered above, is richly deserved.—The description is so just, that the paper need not be named.—Ed.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

AWFUL DEATH OF AN INFIDEL.—A FACT.

Among the many incidents which befell those who forget God, it has been my lot to witness one of the most shocking and fearful nature, which I purpose to relate as a warning to those who are negligent of duty to Almighty God, as taught in his sacred oracles. It is a brief history of the awful death of Lazarus, a Frenchman, who resided in the city of New York. Lazarus was a man who was avowedly a firm believer in the two articles the French nation once declared as their faith, "that God is nature, and that there is no other God; and that death is an eternal sleep." Such appears to have been his opinion, from the manner of his living, for it was quite evident he knew not God, neither kept his commandments.

Infidelity was his pride, which he endeavored to enforce on the minds of a class of young men who used to visit him on the Sabbath day. His room was the place of rendezvous for his visitors, who were fast drinking in the same spirit of infidelity, and had already become a dread to those who would do good. Blasphemy, drunkenness, swearing, and many other kinds of profanity were practiced when they assembled; in short, of poor Lazarus we would say, all the fruits of infidelity were visible in his character.

But what is the end of these things? O infidelity, thou monster to human happiness, the end of thy pursuits is eternal death! It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, who hath declared, "Vengeance is mine—I will repay." But to continue, Lazarus lived in the district I supplied every month with tracts; consequently I had become, in a small degree, acquainted with him; yet was at this time unacquainted with his pernicious principles. Some months ago, I repeated my visit, to distribute these little "messengers of peace," entitled—"The Necessity of Repentance." As usual, I gave one to Lazarus, which, upon receiving, he went into his house to read.

On my next visit with the tracts, I was informed by the neighbors of the awful circumstances which followed. He read the tract carefully, as one "desiring the sincere milk of the word;" he read, as no longer determined to close his eyes to Gospel light;—alas! he read in it his own eternal destiny. No sooner had he finished its contents than he left his room to tell the neighbors of so strange a tract, with which bitter railing he declared not his belief.

But it was too late, too late for ever! The cup of his iniquity was full. He heard the voice of an offended God cry, "Cut him down." At this awful sentence he stretched his flailing limbs upon the ground, and expired. His neighbors, who had been so long accustomed to his bad example, were so much affected by the fearful doom! O better had it been for this man had he not been born, for his later days were full of cursings and bitterness. We hope this awful warning will have its proper influence on the minds of persons, that they may remember, if they "train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it." Likewise, let every reader of these awful facts remember the unerring word of God, "If thou seek me, I will be found of thee; but if thou forsake me, I will cast thee off for ever."

G. S.

"This circumstance will scarcely be believed by some, but it is nevertheless true. Strict inquiry was made respecting it, and all who inquired into the matter were well satisfied of its truth. The following is the account given in the "Annual Report of the N. Y. City Tract Society," p. 92.

"October.—A visitor reports the sudden and awful death of a Frenchman, in his district, to whom, two months ago, he had handed the tract entitled, 'The Necessity of Repentance.' He learned from the neighbors of the deceased, in his last visitation, that this unhappy man, immediately on receiving the tract, began to read it, and declared, with bitter oaths, that that tract met his belief, and that he had never seen any thing which he liked better. Though his health was not such as to prevent him from walking abroad, yet, amidst his sorrows and bitterness, he felt deep with the tract in his hand, about fifteen minutes after receiving it. An avowed warning to those who make a mock at God's message of mercy."

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years, if he will but bottle up any kind of liquid in phials, obtain a patent for the sale of them, and advertise them as specifics for all kinds of diseases. It is astonishing how rapidly they will be bought up by men who pretend to have no faith in such universal remedies, just for the sake of trying the experiment upon their own diseased constitutions. We have known men who are loath to pay the tax of one dollar annually for the support of schools, and who cannot afford to subscribe for a newspaper, or to buy a book, who do, notwithstanding, spend enough to furnish themselves with half a dozen newspapers annually, for the purchase of pills, and elixirs, and panaceas, which they happen to see advertised in their neighbor's newspaper.—Boston Weekly Magazine.

A SAD REVERSE.—Dr. Dyott, lately convicted of fraudulent larceny, has been sentenced to three years imprisonment at hard labor. This man was first known at Philadelphia, as the vender of quack medicines; whatever became of his patients, he accumulated money rapidly. He then enlarged his business; dealt extensively in various kinds of merchandise; established a large and profitable glass-blowing factory; and finally became a banker! This latter step was unfortunate; he found it convenient to become a bankrupt; and as he had involved many who had confided their money to his care, his application for the benefits of the insolvent laws was not only resisted, but he himself was convicted of an intention to defraud his creditors. It is the general impression that he is now suffering under a righteous award. Such is his reverse. A few years since, he was supposed to be the possessor of half a million of dollars, and now he is a disgraced criminal. He was a worshipper of Mammon, but his god has played him falsely. He was rich, but not content; he had much, but grasped after more; and now he is a signal proof of that saying, "The love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."—The Presbyterian.

Advertisements.

NEW BOOKS.

THE WESLEYAN STUDENT, or Memoirs of A. H. Hurd. By Prof. Haldich. Price 25 cts.
Errors of Phrenology Exposed. By Thomas Sewall, M. D. 33 cts.

Sketches of Wm. Penn. By Dr. Alcott. 30.
Factory Boy. By a Lady.
Convent's Guide. By Rev. T. Merritt.
Lately published, and for sale at 32 Washington Street, by D. S. KING.

N. B. Mahan's Christian is now out of print. The sale having been more rapid than was anticipated, our friends will wait a short time for a second edition.

BIBLE DEPOSITORY IN BOSTON.

ALL the variety of Bibles and Testaments published by the American Bible Society may be had for cash, at the Society's prices, at the Depository of the American Tract Society, No. 23, Cornhill. The Bible Society now publish a vast variety of Bibles and Testaments of some years prior to any published in this country. Persons wishing to procure Bibles or Testaments in large print and superb binding, or the New Testament bound with the Book of Psalms, or cheap Editions in plain binding, can have them on the same terms as they are sold at the Bible House in New York.

S. BLISS, Sec'y Am. Tract Society.

Aug. 23.

FANCY MOROCCO WORK, &c.

MANUFACTURED BY JOHN MARSH, No. 77, Washington Street. Gentlemen's Dressing Cases; Wash Writing Cases; Roll-up Writing Cases; Marah's Manifold Letter Writer; Sermons Cases; Bankers' Cases; Card Cases; Pocket Book; Wallets; Memorandum Books of Ivory, Porcelain and Parchment; Portfolios, with and without Locks; do. for Music, &c. &c., with every variety of articles in this line.
Also Account Books of every description, adapted for the City and Country Trade—for sale as above at the lowest price.
June 12.

AGENTS.

WANTED.—A number of active, intelligent men to procure subscribers for several periodical works. The works are well established, having been published for some years, and are increasing in popularity and usefulness. The terms are such as to render it safe and highly profitable to all who are qualified for the business. No previous acquaintance is required, but the agent must be a person of integrity, sobriety and punctuality. Applicants will please state whether they wish a local or general agency. Single counties will be taken in the order of preference. Letters on this subject, if directed to the Editor of the Philadelphia Reporter, postage paid, will receive immediate attention.
Aug. 7.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET.

IN CANTON on the Boston and Taunton road. Said farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is located 1 1/2 miles from Taunton, 2 1/4 from Canton Centre, and 2 from Canton (South end), and contains 31 acres; 10 of wood, 6 of mowing, 2 of meadow, and 13 of pasture land, that is watered by a spring that never dries nor freezes; an excellent well of water and about 300 fruit trees, with a good two-story house and barn, carpenter's shop and all necessary out buildings thereon. Any one wishing to buy a pleasant situation for retirement and business, will do well to call soon, as the whole farm is for sale at the very low price of \$1200.
For further information inquire of Dr. J. S. SPAR, 226 Washington street, Boston, or of JUSTUS SPEAR, of Taunton.
June 31.

BOARDING HOUSE.

No. 5 Brattle Square, BOSTON.
ISRAEL FOSTER, has removed from Portland and taken the spacious and convenient House formerly occupied by Mr. Daggett, where he has pleasant and convenient accommodations for permanent or transient boarders.
Oct 9.

DR. RAMAGE'S INHALING TUBE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

CAN he had of the subscriber at \$3 each, together with the book and directions which accompany them. Orders by mail (post paid) containing the money, will be promptly attended to by
A. D. MEIKILL.
Providence, R. I. Aug. 24, 1839.

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